

ONE-PRICE HEIFER.
buy that heifer, Zeb? I don't
sell the heifer, sir, to any livin'
hand
new should come an' lay a fifty
at the stable door an' let that
stand right where she is till she is
a gray
sell one side of her, that's all I've
say.
I wanted to dispose? Yew must
get it wrong.
open like her, Zeb, if yew'd bring
along.
I've got a lot of stock, more stock
that I need.
short of stable room, an' some-
short of feed;
or, sellin' that there beast i
in't no sree!
dolars come between thet heifer,
an' price critter, Zeb, no man kin
me down;
is a heap more'n forty, Zeb, ask
man in town.
wants her purty bad, an' so does
in Hale,
said before, of course, the heifer
or sale.
life an' she's good an' kind, an'
then an' an' she's good an' kind, an'
yew'r bound to hev her, Zeb:
want her purty bad?
best piece of cow-flesh, sir, a farm
ever had!
dirty dollars an' she stands, an' no:
a one-price critter, Zeb, yew'll be
dirty dollars an' she stands. I'll tell
you now for twenty-five—twixt
an' her an' yew.
enty-five, no more or less, for I'm a
price man:
yew'd want to swap her back, why
in it, Zeb, yew can.
one, in N. Y. Sun.

Savers and Losers

ADLY speaking, girls are divided
into two great classes—the ones
and the ones who lose.
is a girl who finds. Ownerless
igs and brooches and shirt studs
scattered along her pathway, en-
ing her to pick them up, which
way she strolls, and little things
horseshoes and four-leaved clovers
to leap up in the most unlikely
at the first sound of her step.
ness what I found to-day?" is her
form of greeting, so no one was
ed when the question came that
Georgia's tea.

"I don't know," said Lilian, indif-
ferently. "Probably a cotton-handker-
chief or somebody's other glove."
is one of the girls who couldn't
anything if they would. Possibly
she assumes the man
who could.

have a withering place at the
Then she removed her Lady
and extracted from its crown
of money, which she spread upon
lap. A \$50, a \$30 and a \$10 bill
ed out.

counterfeit!" gasped Lilian.

o, sir. Uncle Mac says when we as-
I as any ever made." "You didn't
you didn't find them, Meta; you're
ing," protested Georgia.

To joke about it, I was walking
in Wabash avenue, and stacks of
ple were passing in both directions,
but suddenly there was an open
about a yard square right in
at me, and straight in the middle
lay this money, all rolled up. It
seemed as though the crowd parted,
everybody looked the other way on
pose to let me have it."

Well, I never!" sang the chorus.

What are you going to use it for,
s?" somebody asked, but Lilian
ose interest had revived wonderful-
didn't give her time to answer.

Use it for?" she cried. "Do you
ose Meta would spend that money?

ink of the poor woman who lost it!"

Woman, indeed!" retorted Meta.

Uncle Mac doesn't think that. He
s there's a little pocket just inside
waistband of his trousers where he
aps a wad of bills—whenever he has

— and that it's the easiest thing in
the world to slip the money in back of
a pocket instead of into it. And I
ked him if that ever happened to him.
ought to have seen how guilty he
oked when he said: "Once—but don't
ell Ellen!" That's my aunt, you know,
ell, we think—Uncle Mac and I—that
rich club fellow lost it, and that
d put it to some extravagant use

en if he had it again."

But I can't help thinking about
me poor old washerwoman who
dn't another cent in the world," mur-
ured the blue-eyed innocent.

"Washerwoman without another cent
so likely to go strewing \$80 rolls
round!" said Meta.

"More likely 'twas a school-teacher
ith her month's salary—and teaching
such nervous work!" suggested

Lilian.

"Or a fagged-out woman clerk," added
Georgia.

"Well, I wouldn't take it from a wom-
an any sooner than you would," de-
clared Meta. "Of course I wouldn't
ind so much if it belonged to a man.
But I intend to advertise it, anyway."

"Certainly!" exclaimed Lilian as if
she'd been thinking of that all the
time. "That's the proper thing to do,
and blue-eyed innocent added:

should just use that money for adv-
ising every day in every paper until
there wasn't a cent left."

Meta pursed her lips. "Well, I'm tak-
ing Uncle Mac's advice about this she
said. "He says to study the papers a
day or two and see if the losers diver-
sify. Then, after that, be as to ad-
vertise: 'Found—Sum of money, at

such a place, at such a time.' Not a
word to give a false claimant any help
in identifying the bills, you see. But
he doesn't think I'll ever find the own-
er, and, say, girls, if he shouldn't tur-
up, what do you say to a lake trip to-
gether or some kind of a regular spree
with this money?"

"I couldn't enjoy it," said the right-
ous Lilian.

"Not unless you gave half to a hos-
pital," amended another.

"Oh, I don't know," dissented Georgia.
"I think my conscience would take
in a trip to Mackinac."

"Good for you!" replied Meta, as she
rolled up her wealth and put on her hat.

"We'll spend it all for fun if we want

to Georgia; and we won't treat them,

either—see if we do!"

They didn't see her again for three
weeks, and then she came flying into
luncheon at Lilian's with a look in her
eyes as if she'd just fallen heir to a mil-
lion in gold.

"I've had the loveliest experience in

the world!" she announced. "You re-
member that money I found? Well, I

waited a few days, as Uncle Mac said

and no one advertised the loss; so I put

one in myself. Told them to address X

the newspaper office, you know—the

way they do. Next morning I went

down to get the returns. There were

nine answers, and of all the pathetic

things! Not one of the people who

wrote had lost their money on the day

or at the place I found mine, but they

were just as hopeful, for all that, and

they actually made me feel responsible

for their losses.

"First there was a man who had

dropped a small, flat, black book, with

a pawn ticket, a laundry bill and two

two-dollar bills in it. And distressed

over it! You'd think he'd lost a gold

mine. And he was so sure 'twas his

money I'd found—poor fellow! Then

a woman poured out a whole sheetful

of her heart, and drew a picture of the

purse she'd lost, and told me how the

money in it belonged to her sister,

who was in the hospital and who need-

ed it dreadfully, and how I'd be blessed

forever if I only restored it. Next

there was an old man who had dropped

two \$20 bills, and he went on in a

shaky, feeble hand to explain that the

reason he was carrying it was because

he couldn't trust the banks; and then

another girl, who told about an alli-

gator-skin pocketbook containing a

latchkey and a time pass over the Cin-

cinnati, Jackson & Mackinac road.

When I showed that to Uncle Mac after-

ward he said that road was a regular

joke, because it didn't run to any of the

places mentioned in its name, and he

just shouted over the pass, "cause

it had expired September 30, 1900." But

it wasn't funny to me. I thought the girl

must be in a sad way to be hang-
ing on to an expired pass over a road

like that for three whole years. Be-

sides, she mentioned in her script

that there was a five-dollar bill in her

purse.

"I got awfully worked up over those

letters. Then, suddenly, I had a brill-
iant idea. I just made up my mind to

wait a week and then, if no one claimed

that \$80, to send for all those forlorn

people and tell them what they had lost

out of what I had found. I didn't dare

tell Uncle Mac the scheme until the

week had passed and I had really writ-
ten notifying them all to be at his of-

fice at ten o'clock this morning. Then

I just gave him the news all in one

piece. I don't believe in breaking

things, especially when you've set your

heart on doing them. Oh, he thought

I was crazy, of course, and wished he'd

answered my 'ad.' himself and claimed

the money. Said he could have done

it through some one else so I would

never have suspected, and then could

have kept the money for me until this

fit of sentimental foolishness had

passed off—and all that sort of talk.

But the end of it was that he took

a chair over by the window in his of-

fice and let me have things all my own

way with the people I had sent for.

They all came, mind you, and of all

the surprised-looking beings! Each

one was expecting to find the identical

purse he had lost, and at first every-

one looked suspicious of everyone else.

They couldn't seem to grasp the situa-

tion.

"I had the money, all changed into

the right amounts and lying in tempt-
ing little heaps on Uncle Mac's desk.

First I made a little speech and then

I served gold and silver refreshments.

It took every cent of us money, and

I had to put in a dollar besides, so

there goes our gum, Georgia; but you

wouldn't grudge it if you'd been there.

Such larks! I never felt so much like

a benevolent fairy in my life. Oh, dear

—fun! Vaudeville are nowhere—and,

say, the man who lost the pawn ticket

will never get over his grudge against

me because I didn't give that back.

He thinks I've just him a fortune! But

the rest were more than sweet. Girls,

I've been blessed and hugged, and the

old man with the two \$20 gold pieces

actually kissed my hand. Think of that,

—will you? And the woman with the

sister in the hospital was so happy!

And I cried. Me crying—can you see

it? An Uncle Mac needn't pretend

he wasn't wiping his own eyes, either!

But when they were gone he squared

around at me, stern as stern, and said,

in a lugubrious way:

"Well, all of all the girly-girly per-

formances!"

I looked straight back at him and

just said: "How would you have a girl,

Uncle Mac, if not girly? Do you want